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VOL. XLIV. No. 1129. PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 26th, 1898. PRICE TEN CENTS.
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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

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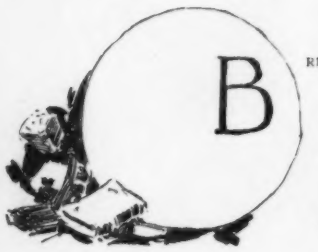
WHAT HE WANTS TO SEE, BE GOSH!

THE NEW YORK UP-COUNTRY LEGISLATOR WILL NEVER BE SATISFIED UNTIL HE HAS TAXED THE MILLIONAIRE OUT OF THE STATE.



A PUZZLED PARENT.

BRING ON your maps of Europe and your mighty gazetteers,
Your atlases and globes, too; for, you see,
Each continental power on the verge of war appears,
And my wife refers the children all to me.
I 've just gone through a weary siege of geographic names, —
For months I had to locate Sampson's fleet, —
And when I err in teaching them my pretty helpmate blames, —
I 'd like to know if Khartoum 's down in Crete!

Sir Kitchener, the Mahdi, Abdul Hamid, and the rest,
Who can tell me where to find out who they are?
Where 's Omdurman? Who 's Dreyfus? Where 's the Devil's Isle? I 'm blest
If from the maps such names I would n't bar!
I 'd just located Cadiz when Fashoda some one said
King Menelek had chosen as the seat
For warlike operations, so I humbly bowed my head, —
I 'd like to know if Khartoum 's down in Crete!

Book agents cultivate me and I 'm buying from them all;
I 've Stanley's "Travels," Jaylor's "Tramps Abroad,"
A hundred others; as for maps, I 've covered up the wall,
I 've all the mighty tomes that critics laud;
But who is Captain Marchand that the papers tell about?
And Esterhazy floors me off my feet!
The children's ceaseless questions often put their Pa to rout, —
So I 'd like to know if Khartoum 's down in Crete!

Roy Farrell Greene.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

"I see," said one Spaniard, "that some Americans oppose the policy of expansion."

"Well," replied his friend, "it beats the policy of contraction, anyhow."

A PERSUASIVE PLEA.

FIRST POPULIST. — That was a purty strong argument Spouter made in favor of issuin' more paper money.

SECOND POPULIST. — What was it?

FIRST POPULIST. — He said we needed a lot of new bills with pictures of Dewey and Sampson and Schley on 'em.

SOMEWHAT HAZY.

"Do you know Jaysmith?" asked Swayback.

"I do," replied Snooper.

"What 's his politics?"

"He has none; — he 's a politician."

SPAIN HAS traded real estate for experience.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS, or soon will be, the price of coaling stations.

IN SPAIN.

FIRST CITIZEN. — What do you know about this man Dewey, anyhow?

SECOND CITIZEN. — He 's a mere historical parvenu. Never heard of him at all until last May.

MIGHT AS WELL BE CONSISTENT.

"Here is the first definite proposition I have seen for reform in the Philippines."

"What is it?"

"A correspondent of this paper suggests that we should either spell Philippines with an 'F' or Filipinos with 'Ph.'"

HIS EXPERIENCE.

FIRST TRAMP. — I guess de silver question don't cut no ice in dis campaign.

SECOND TRAMP. — You t'ink not?

FIRST TRAMP. — I t'ink not. I went inter de house of a man what 's hot fer sound money an' he jest took a look at dis old sound-money campaign button an' called de dog.

EVEN THE Jingos are busy these days untwisting the lion's tail.

JOHN BULL, no doubt, takes a friendly interest in our proceedings, but he must congratulate himself on having annexed so much of the earth before Uncle Sam started in.

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A PRIDE DESTROYER.

MRS. CASSIDY. — That wuz a froightful penance Father Maguire imposed upon Mary Ann for her proide.

MRS. O'TOOLE. — And phwat was ut?

MRS. CASSIDY. — He ordered her to roide a '97 wheel up to Grant's tomb and back iviry day fer a month.

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A GOOD IDEA.

MR. PORKENLARD *(of Chicago)*.— I rather like that young Poeticus. He is really a very sharp fellow.

MRS. PORKENLARD.— I don't think so. He says he would n't care who made the laws for this country if he could only make its songs.

MR. PORKENLARD.— That 's just it; any man who had a monopoly of the song market could buy up Congress! The sugar-trust would n't be in it!

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A NAME TO CONJURE WITH.

SPECULATOR *(in the Klondike)*.— That 's a funny name for a mine!

OWNER.— Nod eef you 're going to advertise der shtock for sale in der *Heprew Herald*, mine friendt!

A CHILLY SUGGESTION.

OWNER.— I 'm going to change the name of this flat-building;— I don't like "The Alhambra" any more. What would be an appropriate name?

TENANT.— "The Klondike."

THOUGHT HE KNEW.

HIRAM.— I kin git deadhead tickets fer dat lecture on "What is Money?" Wanter go?

JOSH.— On "What is Money?" Well, I may be green; but I guess I don't need any lecture to tell me that!

CHEAP GENEROSITY.

MAMA.— See how willing baby is to give me a piece of candy.

JOHNNY.— Huh! He knows you 're only pretending to take it.

WE ARE likely to forget that when we get even with people it leaves them with the impression that they owe us something.

"THAT NEW advertisement writer is no good."

"Why?"

"Here 's an advertisement which he wrote of our famous Natural Mineral Spring Water, and at the bottom it says: "Address the manufacturers."

MOST PEOPLE who "would give anything in the world" for some desired object would want a discount if they ever got far enough along to discuss its purchase.

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NOT DECLINED, HOWEVER.

The daughter of an editor was she;
And when he kissed her (through Love's impish pranks),
Quite absent-mindedly she said to him:
"Your contribution is returned with thanks!"

OLD SAWS RESET.

Not all gold glitters.

It's a short lane that has no turn.

There's many a slip 'twixt the race and the tip.

It's a good wind that blows nobody ill.

A rolling stone finds at last a hollow that fits it.

A penny saved is usually five cents'-worth of time wasted.

Where ignorance is bliss there is an inviting field for the green-goods man.

A bird in the hand should be caged at once.

Faint heart never won a jack-pot from a bluffer.

HIS COMPLAINT.

FIRST TRAMP.—Did you say you inherited de taste for liquor?

SECOND TRAMP.—Yes; but I would n't mind dat, only I did n't inherit anything to pay fer de liquor.

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE WALDO. — Uncle, what is a dyspeptic?

OLD UNCLE GROUT. — A dyspeptic is a person with an optimistic appetite and a pessimistic digestion.

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A BLISSFUL SENSATION.

MISS JOHNSON.—Yais, Pahson, now dat I have found religion I have got de peace dat passeth all understanding.

PARSON JACKSON.—Knowing dat yo'se'f and dose yo' love am 'gwine to heaven, Sistah Johnson?

MISS JOHNSON.—Yais, Pahson; and knowing so many folkses I *don't* like am 'gwine to hell, yo' know.

A TECHNICAL POINT.

JUDGE BLIZZARD *(recently elected Coroner of Red Dog, with pride).* — Well, how do the citizens like my verdict in the case of Salamander Sam, who was lynched yesterday? I flatter myself that I know how to run the coroner biz.

RED-NOSED MIKE.—Ye wuz wrong in jest one p'int, Jedge. In your verdic' you say, "th' diseased came to his death by vi'lence, at the hands 'f parties unknown." He did n't came; we brung him.

ON SOME railroads, it is reported, train robbers are making more money than the company; which goes to show that old-fashioned methods are sometimes best, after all.

PERSONS WHO have bitten off more than they can chew, simply advertise their embarrassment by trying to talk.

THE INSTITUTION of free speech does not permit the vials of our wrath to attain the age needful to bring bottled goods to their best.

IT IS sad to reflect that there would be a great deal more wickedness if some people had more nerve.

AN INTERRUPTED LOVE-FEAST AND THE WOE OF THE INTERRUPTER.

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I

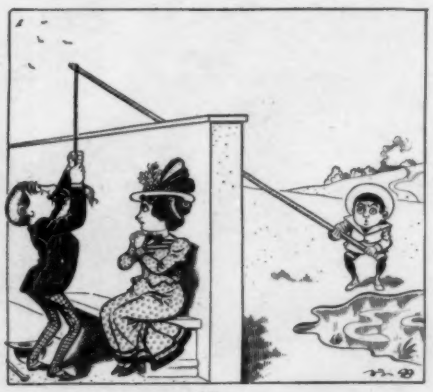
WILLY.—Oh! here 's fun. The course of true love don't run smooth, they say, and I 'm goin' to prove it.

II.

"I 'll just take this pole, hold it over the wall and let the rope dangle in their faces. It will scare all the love out of them, I 'll bet!

III.

"Oh!—just hear them yell! I wonder what they thought it was?



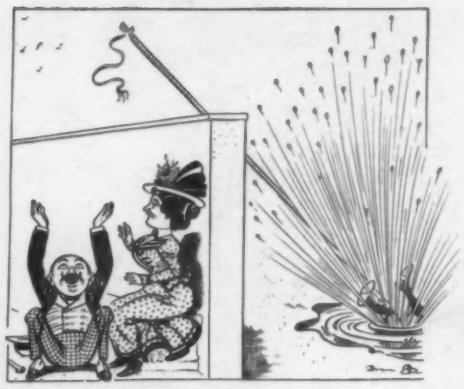
IV.

"Now, what is his Joblots going to do?

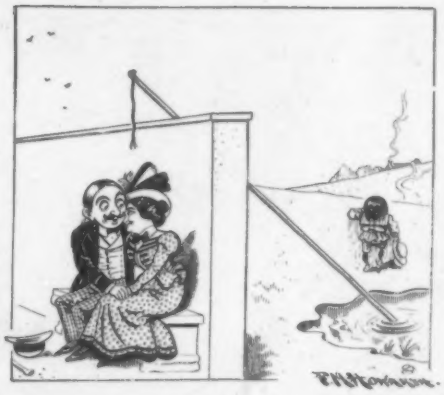
V.

"Hey! What are you doing, anyhow?

VI.
"Oh! Please, Mister!—let me down!"



VII.
THE LOVER.—All right! There you go!



VIII.

LOCAL ITEMS FROM THE LONELYVILLE WEEKLY RECORD.

THERE WILL be no mail this week, as our genial and efficient post-mistress, Mrs. MacCracken, is visiting some of her children in Lodi.

We may expect Winter weather soon. A flock of mosquitos was seen yesterday flying over Lonelyville toward the south.

The person leaving the horse-blanket in the pew at the chapel, after services last Sunday night, may receive the same upon calling at the *Record* office, proving his property and paying the cost of this advertisement.

Mr. Samuel Bunker, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Record*, was shaking hands in Lonelyville, yesterday. Bunker says he has removed to Fog Hollow for good, where he is tending switch on the railroad.

Country vegetables, at city prices, at Kehoe's. See advertisement elsewhere. Jne1098tf. ***

Yesterday being the day upon which the easy monthly payments on Lonelyville cottages were due to the Lonelyville Building Loan Association, the anniversary of the Lonelyville Salmagundi Club, last evening, was appropriately celebrated by a "poverty party" in the school-house.

There has been a complaint made that several of our wealthy and influential commuter citizens have not as yet worked out their road tax.

Contractor and builder Lem Bertwhistle has erected an artistic and handsome new hitching post in front of the school-house on the site of the former one. See his advertisement elsewhere.

Now is the time to pay up your subscription.

Lot auctions and Summer now being at an end, the regular Winter time-table of the Lonelyville Air Line Railroad will come into effect upon the 1st prox., and there will be but one train each way daily, and none on Sundays and holidays, as formerly.

Steve Henshaw now delivers his milk, butter and eggs on a handsome new bicycle. Steve bought Mr. Mark Peabody's chickens, which were auctioned off last Saturday. Steve is talked of as a possible candidate for Borough Clerk.

Con C. Converse.

DESCENSUS AVERNO.

"Farewell!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps we shall meet in the future life?"

The beautiful, good girl shuddered.

"Miscreant!" she sneered, scornfully.

"Ah, yes!" faltered the man; "but you may come down on a slumming tour, don't you know!"

ALL MEN are liars; but some are not found out until after they are married.

PUT YOUR best girl's youngest brother astride your new bicycle, and he will ride it to the repair shop.

HIS FEELING.

"I don't play golf," remarked shrewd old Farmer Hornbeak; "but yet—"

He paused to caress his chin-whiskers, the while a dry grin wrinkled his complexion.

"—it makes me as tired as tunkett!"

DID N'T WANT HIM TO BEGIN.

BROWN.—Don't be afraid of him! That dog never bit anybody in his life.

JONES.—That 's good; but I 'd hate to see him get into bad habits just now.

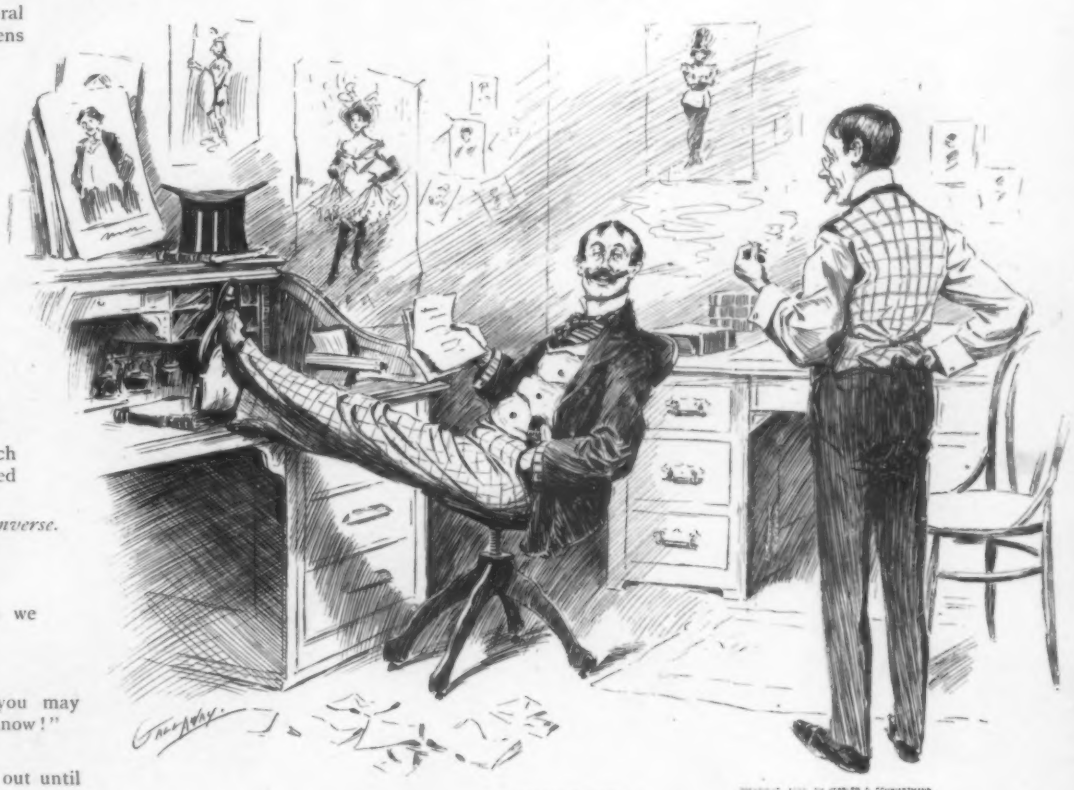
A DEFINITION.

TEACHER.—What do you understand by insomnia?

PUPIL.—That 's when people stay awake all night trying to go to sleep.

THEN SAY IT COMES FROM HEAVEN.

The clergymen would seem to be
Well versed in poker ways;
For they will always hear a call
When it is for a raise.



A HUMORIST.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Our new comedian is a funny guy!

ASSISTANT.—That so?

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Yes; he believes he is going to get his salary!

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THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"There is nothing to eat in the house!" moaned the poor woman, rocking to and fro, miserably.

But the noble girl had not come to that squalid abode to be disconcerted by the first glimpse of wretchedness.

"Let us be cheerful, at least!" she cried. "Let us see if there is not a bright side to all this! Ah! yes; perhaps, after all, your husband won't bring company home to dinner!"

Oh! the intrepidity of the spirit that takes no account of the probable; nay, even the inevitable!

HIS DIMENSIONS.

"Don't you think Parson Pray is a broad preacher?"

"Well, I don't know; — he 's certainly an awful long one."

SPEAKING OF the ship of state, there seems to be still a doubt whether the common people are cargo or merely bailast.

HIS LIKES.

BOSTON MOTHER *(severely)*.— I can't conceive what you see in that young Mr. Everyday! He does n't like Ibsen, he does n't like Browning, he does n't like Keats. Whom does he like?

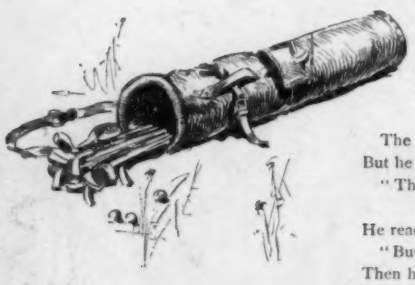
BOSTON MAIDEN *(demurely)*.— Me!

THE MINISTER PLAYS GOLF.

"IT 'S A noble game, an elegant game!"
The Minister said to me,
As he took his stand with his club in hand,
While he smiled most cheerfully.

"Just watch me drive, it 's an easy five!"
And he moulded a two-inch tee;
But he missed it clean — "That 's awfully mean,"
The Minister said to me.

"The greatest thing is an easy swing
And a carry through," said he;
Then he slammed the ground —
"Well, I 'll be bound!"
The Minister said to me.



"This turf is soft, so I think I 'll loft,"
The Minister said to me,
But he struck the wall and he lost his ball —
"That 's very hard luck!" said he.

He reached the green in about sixteen,
"But it might be worse," said he;
Then he hit his foot in a six-inch put —
"Provoking!" said he to me.

Now, I 've heard strange talk in that three-mile walk,
And I 've *heard* men foozle and miss;
But not in years has there reached my ears
A collection that equaled this.

Fred'k White.

HOW HE MADE IT.

THE JAY. — And did our Congressman hev stage-fright when he made his fust speech?

THE JOSH. — Oh, no! He handed it to the printer as nonchalantly as you please.

MAMA. — I wish I knew what baby is trying to say when he is cooing.

PAPA. — Well, I can tell you what he is trying to say sometimes when he is crying.

MAMA. — What?

PAPA. — Blankety-blank-blank, blank, blank! — — !!

WHEN A man makes a bad investment, against which we warned him, and loses money, we never exult from personal gratification; but we are glad to see the laws of economics vindicated.

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WOULD SUIT HIM.

FIRST TRAMP. — Do you believe dat all t'ings comes to him dat waits?

SECOND TRAMP. — Wish I did! I would n't do a t'ing but wait!

PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, October 26, 1898.—No. 1129.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EVADING THE ISSUES.

THE SUPERIOR position of the Democrats in New York on the issues at stake in this campaign is not to be denied. They have wisely chosen to confine themselves to State issues, and they thus enjoy the advantage of being able to talk very sensibly and freely to a voter about his home interests, instead of having to hypnotize him into ignoring them by a series of perfectly just but highly irrelevant encomiums upon our national glory. The Republicans, while clearly on the defensive, owing to the scandals of Governor Black's administration, have chosen to evade a direct defense by trying to divert the mind of the voter to affairs outside of his home. Remembering the political complexion of this State, then, it is obvious that if there is a Republican victory it will be in spite of the Republican platform and not because of it. It is not always easy to detect the real state of the public mind in one's own time, but we think that one thing has been made clear in this State and that is that in municipal and state elections there is a growing tendency to consider only legitimate, local issues. Our last municipal election was splendid evidence to this effect. The Republican leaders made their fight upon national issues — the glory of the Republican party, the glory of the United States of America and the importance of an honest money system — issues which had nothing more to do with the cleaning and policing of New York's streets and other matters of city administration than they have with the present needs of the State. The result was illuminating. Tammany kept to local issues and polled almost its full vote, while a large proportion of the Republicans kept equally to local issues by voting for a man who was not afraid to stand for them. The Republicans hypnotized by the national-issue platform were an insignificant minority.

* * *

The lesson seems to have been lost upon the Republican party, while Tammany, with characteristic shrewdness, has made the most of it. It is obvious that if Col. Roosevelt is elected it will be because the people believe he is the best man for Governor of their State, and not at all because we have fought with Spain, nor because our national boundaries promise to be enlarged. These things are important, but they have nothing to do with the rate of taxation in this State, nor with the honest administration of its affairs; and if Col. Roosevelt fondly imagines otherwise and makes his campaign accordingly, he is destined to learn something new about the American people. If he wins the race he must do it by convincing the independent voter that he is as bitter a foe to Plattism as he is to Crokerism. The people of this State are not going to elect him because he was a brave soldier, nor because he believes in a large standing army, nor because he believes the United States is n't large enough. If advice were ever of any avail, we should advise him to rest on the other side of his reputation.

THE DOINGS OF QUAY.

WHILE MISSISSIPPI is down with yellow fever and Minnesota is busy with an Indian outbreak, Pennsylvania is having quite as exciting a time as either. And all because her foremost public man is at large under bail. We note that the newspapers of that State are remarking with much enthusiasm that they always told Mr. Quay how it would be. Mr. Quay is not making any remarks, himself; that is, none of a personal nature. We believe he has complained that certain unscrupulous politicians are striking at the fundamental principles of the Republican party and seeking to cast discredit upon an administration that has so ably conducted a war and that now stands for the extension of liberty and civilization into the benighted places of earth; that, in short, mere local issues are being considered at the expense of the national honor. We take it that he would consider his further persecution as an evidence that the fell doctrines of fiat money had captivated the people. But demonstrating this proposition to a crowd of friendly constituents and making the same plain to twelve men sworn to consider the matter in the cool light of reason are two different things. It is to be feared that a jury of his peers will unpatriotically refuse to blend the question of Mr. Quay's guilt with that of territorial expansion or sound money. Should Mr. Quay succeed in regaining his liberty, we should say, after the things he has been accused of, that he will be about the best vindicated man in all history, and that he should thereafter be permitted to shake all the plum-trees he wants to, and to enjoy their fruits unmolested. If the prime qualification of a Senator from Pennsylvania is his ability to keep out of jail, he will have demonstrated convincingly his fitness for the office.

THE BULL-RING AT HAVANA.

I.

NO MORE shall reek in Cuba's isle
The bull-ring's barbarous court,
For we shall smash the hideous pile
And crush the hideous sport;
And there shall we a diamond lay
And bleachers build withal,
And Cuba's nimble nine will play
The noble game of ball.

II.

The dying bull shall bleed no more
To slake their odious thirst,
But death their bosoms will deplore
When Duffy dies at first;
And grief funereal will incline
And bow their doleful heads
When old Havana's Base-ball Nine
Are buried by the Reds.

III.

No more shall slaughter's gory hand
Unsluice the crimson flood,
Save when the righteous cranks demand
A treacherous umpire's blood;
Nor shall their wild resentment cry,
Their fierce displeasure howl,
Save when Molony muffs a fly,
Or Mullins muffs a foul.

IV.

The sanguinary mob no more
The plaudit's din shall raise,
But Coogan's run, that ties the score,
The terraced cranks will praise;
And Murphy's throw, and Reilly's bunt,
And Dooley's triple whack,
And McNamara's sliding stunt
Will make the welkin crack!

V.

No more shall carnage rapture yield,
Nor butchery enthrall,
When on the reconstructed field
The umpire cries, "Play ball!"
But hearts will thrill, and radiant eyes
Will glow like festal lamps,
When o'er the hills the pennant flies,
And Cuba's nine are champs!

John Ludlow.

WHEREVER IT TAKES ROOT.

JOHNNY.—Do flags grow?

PAPA.—What do you mean?

JOHNNY.—Well, there 's something here about planting the American flag.

PAPA.—Well, yes; the American flag *does* seem to grow.

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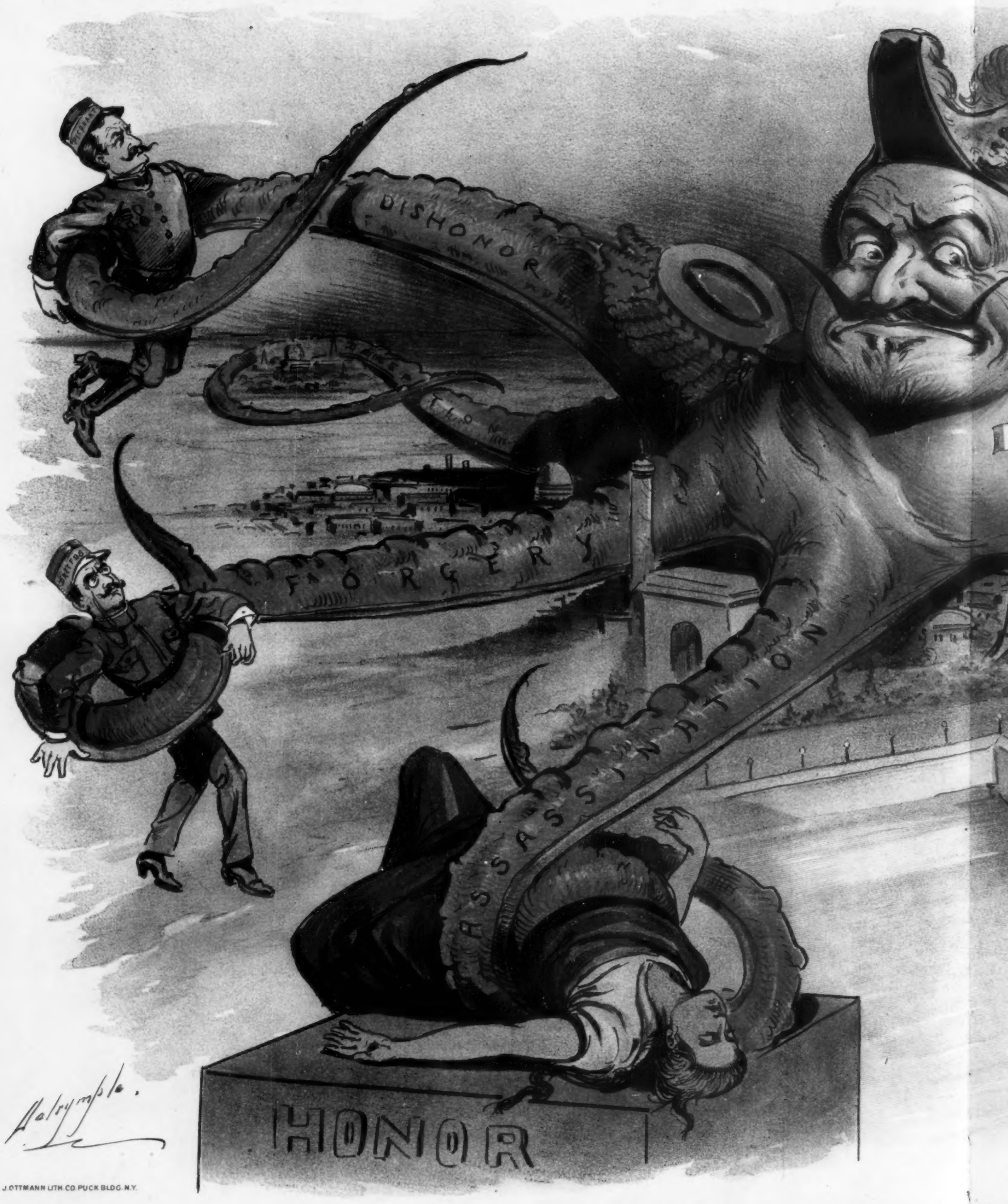
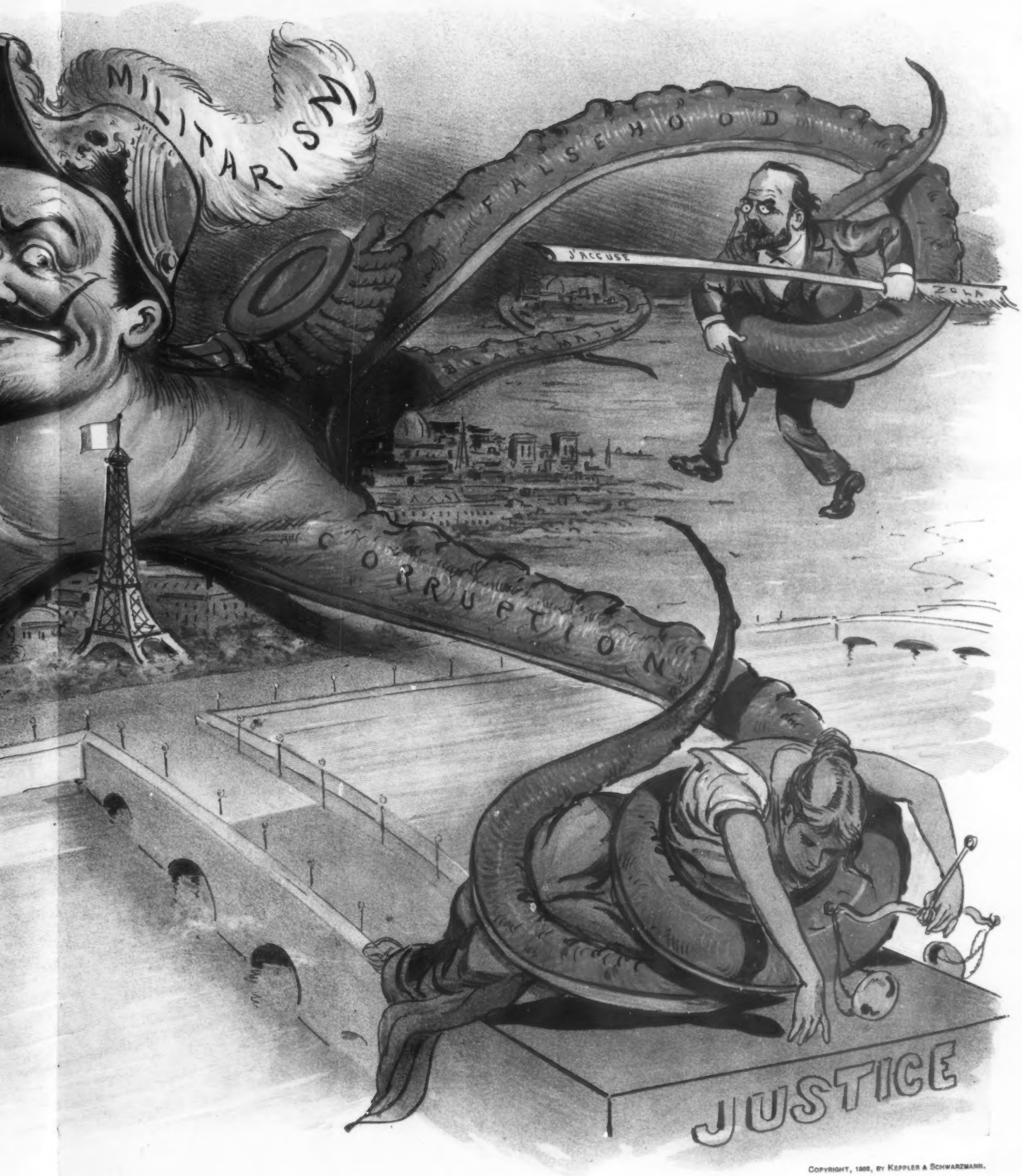
THE RESULT.

MCLUBBERTY.—Oi s'pose dthe twins kape yez awake a good daie wid dtheir croyin'?

O'HOGGARTY.—No; yez see, aitch av 'em yells so loud thot yez can't hear dthe other at ahl; an' dthe result is dead soilence ahl noight long.



THE PERIL OF FRANCE — AT THE



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AT THE MERCY OF THE OCTOPUS.

MIRANDA'S LUNCHES.

THE OTHER men may stand in line
Where each his neighbor hunches,
On sandwiches and pies to dine —
Aha! the vicious crunches! —
Or feed in cafés superfine,
On tenderloins and punches,
A tenderer repast is mine —
For I 've Miranda's lunches.

They gobble down their gross affairs,
Their "boiled New England dinners,"
Or their more delicate éclairs
And wine — if they are sinners.
A fico for Sir Fatty's airs
As French *ménus* he munches!
I have a feast worth all of theirs —
For I 've Miranda's lunches!

Upon the napkin, snowy white,
There often lies a pansy;
Beneath, the luncheon, cooked just right,
Precisely to my fancy:
Croquettes, nut sandwich, "baby pies,"
Young radish (little bunches),
Marshmallows tucked in to surprise, —
M-m, m-m! Miranda's lunches!

A woman's thoughtful tenderness,
Some way, about it lingers;
In touching it I seem to press
Miranda's dainty fingers.
What matter business fret and strife,
And care that grinds and crunches,
When one has such a blessed wife —
Miranda — and her lunches?

Amos R. Wells.

UNNECESSARY.

COLDPLUNKS. — I think I 'll put a clause in my will that if any of my relatives contest it they won't get a cent.

FRIEND. — Oh! their lawyers will see that they don't.

WHEN GOOD Digestion waits on Appetite it is a bad plan to give it too many orders at once.

MANY A MAN has reached the pinnacle of fame only to exhibit to the world how susceptible he is to vertigo.

ONE VIEW.

"Is there any reason for saying 'fortnight,' instead of 'two weeks?'"
"Don't know of any except that it gets some people mixed up."

ITS ENJOYABLE FINIS.

BENNET. — Does Writeby's new play end happily?
NEARPASS. — Oh, yes! — an hour earlier than the average.

WEALTH DOES not bring true happiness; but it brings an imitation that fools everybody but the experts.

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WOMAN! WOMAN!

MRS. KNOWIT. — Mrs. Strongmind is gradually developing her husband into an ideal man. He does everything now just as she wants him to.

MRS. SHARPER. — Yes; and when she has him perfect she will despise him because he did n't have a mind of his own!

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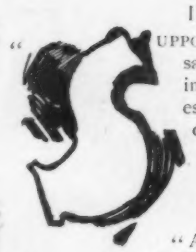
A WORTHY OBJECT.

"Mister, won't you please buy a ticket?"
"Ticket to what?"
"To our church entertainment."
"What 's the entertainment for?"
"To pay the expenses of a entertainment we had last week!"

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



"SUPPOSING — merely for the sake of argument —," said the Sultan, "that we were able and willing to pay our debts, what would be a fair estimate of the amount of these American claims?"

"I don't know, Your Majesty," replied the Grand-Vizier. "I had the Chief Clerk of the Atrocity Department working on that, but he has taken a few days off for a honeymoon trip."

"Again?" said the Sultan. "Does n't he get married pretty often?"

"Only three or four times a year, Your Majesty. He is a steady and industrious young man, and he 's devoted to his wives and families."

"Just so," said the Sultan. "Well, do you think it is possible that the Americans would fight about this paltry matter?"

"They might," answered the Vizier. "You can't tell. And, if they do, nobody knows what will happen. They might take a notion that they can use Crete or Constantinople in their business; or they might decide to annex the Bashi-Bazouks; or, they might come up here in the Bosphorus and sing, 'There 'll be a Hot Time in the Yildiz Kiosk To-night.'"

"I have heard that they are a very musical people."

"Very! It would not surprise me if they assembled under Your Majesty's palace windows to sing, 'Take Your Clothes and Go.'"

"But such proceedings would set Europe ablaze."

"I doubt if the Americans would care. They have stated — unofficially — that, as they have not annexed Europe yet, they are not bound to see that it keeps the peace."

"Well, I think you 'd better send word to the Chief Clerk to come back at once and get that statement ready;— he can have another honeymoon later on. And you might ask the slave if he knows where I can borrow any money."

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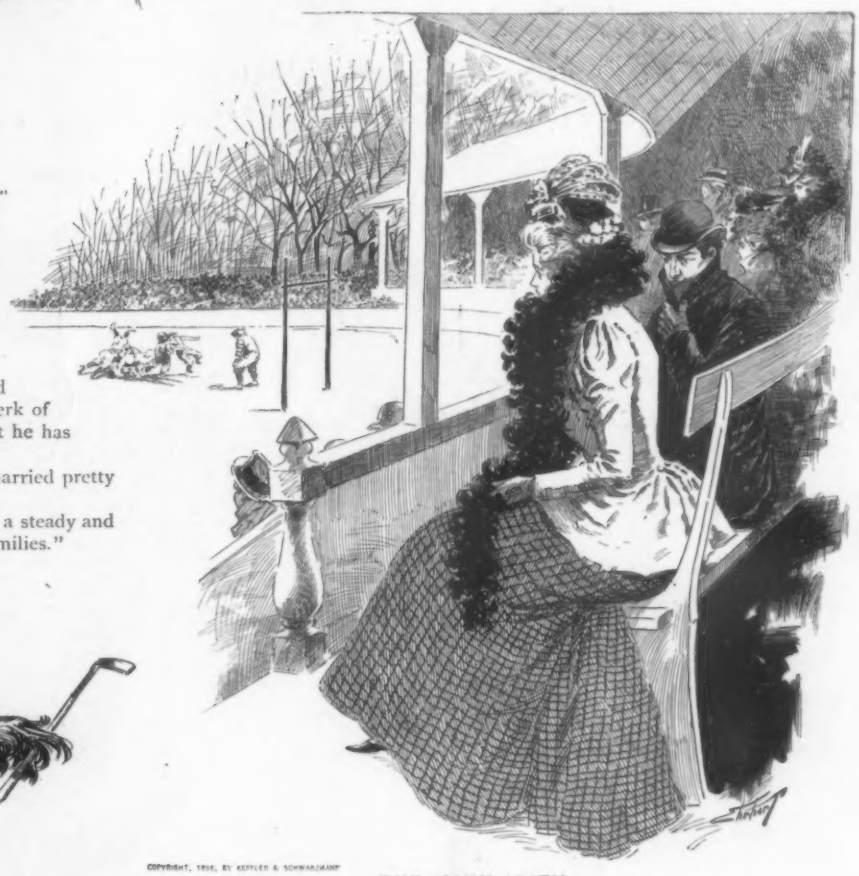
A BELIEVER IN LEADERSHIP.

THE ZEBRA.— Some say that all beasts are created equal and the Lion should not be King!

THE OSTRICH.— Oh! Well, if we had a republic I suppose the Lion would be Boss!



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THE SIMILARITY.

ALGERNON.— It strikes me that foot-ball is a great deal like Wagner.

ETHEL.— Like Wagner?

ALGERNON.— Yes; you 've got to pretend to like it whether you do or not!

PERISH THE THOUGHT!

The Czar has nerve, indeed, if he
His purpose rightly has disclosed!
We Christian powers disarm and leave
Our solar plexuses exposed?

IN BREAKING the news to the public some journalists fracture the facts.

HISTORY DOES not mention any Grand Old Woman. If it did she would probably feel like making it hot for History.

WHEN MONEY talks the other spell-binders don't even "also ran."

THE FAULT seems to have been with green commissaries and yellow newspapers, in about equal proportions.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

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NO NEED OF BRADSTREET.

SEASIDE HOTEL PROPRIETOR.—I see you have given our finest suite of rooms to a man named Bilkins. Are you sure he can pay the rates?

CLERK.—Yes; he 's immensely rich.

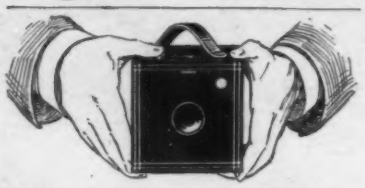
PROPRIETOR. —How do you know?

CLERK.— He is old and ugly, and his wife is young and pretty. —*New York Weekly.*

THE JUDGE.— No two witnesses tell the same story.

THE LAWYER.—Your Honor, I arranged it that way. I did n't want to make the trial too monotonous for you. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak



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Second,—The Mohawk Valley, which for more than two hundred years has been celebrated in song and story for its exquisite beauty.

The New York Central has issued a booklet descriptive of "The Lake Shore Limited," which also contains an epitome of what may be seen from the Observation Car as the train progresses on its daily run between New York and Chicago. Send for copy to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

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HIS IDEA.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—Seems to me them fellers that get up the dictionaries wasted an awful lot of time.

VILLAGE TEACHER.—How?

SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—Puttin' in all them common words that everybody knows the meanin' of.

Too Much Waste

IN the wear and tear of life of the most active of business men, Americans, there is too much waste, and too little recuperation.

Satisfied with the mere physical rest of the body, they renew from day to day the intense strain upon the nervous system without giving it its required invigoration, which is done through rest and moderate stimulation.

There is need at all times of a pure alcoholic tonic. It follows, therefore, as a sequence and axiom, that the purer the stimulant, the surer and more beneficial are the effects.

To produce a pure tonic, one that can in good faith be recommended, no expense and no art of distillation must be spared, and full time must be allowed for maturing and aging.

Such a stimulant is

Hunter Baltimore Rye

10 years old, pure and mellow. Physicians prescribe and recommend it for its purity; clubmen everywhere prefer it for its pure, rich flavor, and its effect as a tonical stimulant.

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"What are you making so much disturbance for?" inquired Aguinaldo's friend.

"My dear fellow, you are not keeping up with the pace of civilization. You don't appreciate the value of advertising. I don't propose to go into the United States along with the bunch as merely one of the natives. I 'm going to be a deposed potentate, who can hold his own in society with any ex-queen who ever emigrated."—*Washington Star.*

10 *little cigars* for the price of 1

Very few smokers realize what a great convenience it is (and economy also) to have always at hand a few

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They are *perfect* little cigars and are in every way as satisfactory for a short smoke as *part of* a larger cigar.

Have *you* ever tried them?

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The American Tobacco Co., Successor

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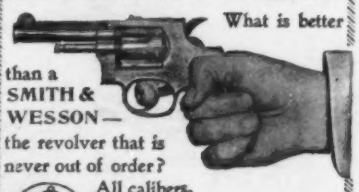

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For twenty-five years doctors have prescribed our Emulsion for paleness, weakness, nervous exhaustion, and for all diseases that cause loss in flesh.

Its creamy color and its pleasant taste make it especially useful for thin and delicate children.

No other preparation of cod-liver oil is like it. Don't lose time and risk your health by taking something unknown and untried. Keep in mind that SCOTT'S EMULSION has stood the test for a quarter of a century.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

In love and war smokeless powder is fair.—*Adams Freeman.*

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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

JIMMY.—S'p sin' I did lose 'leven cents shootin' craps, what of it?

LIZ.—De ole man 's lookin' fer you wit' a club, dat 's what!

JIMMY.—Gee! What does he t'ink? Everybody in dis business shoots craps!

SNIPPER.—That Smuggins grabs everything he lays his hands on.

SNAPPER.—Sort of an imperialist, eh?—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Three of a Kind

beat two pairs, but one pair of

Endwell Braces

beats two pairs of any other make.

It's in the "graduated" cord ends—
Elastic in places for comfort;
Non-elastic in places for durability.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell," or send 50 cents for a sample pair. Cheaper model, the "C.-S.-C." for 25 cents. Scarf fastener free, to buyers, for your furnisher's name if he does not keep "Endwell Braces."

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"That would not do any good in the world. The mystery is how to hold onto him after you have won him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CAST.

The world 's a stage. The right man sets
Himself to act with brain and heart.
The kicker generally gets
A back-row super's thinking part.
—*Washington Star.*

If you lack appetite, try half a wine glass of Angostura Bitters before dinner. *Dr. Siegert's* the genuine, imported from South America.

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TEACHER.— Since an American girl can never hope to wear a crown, to what should she aspire?

BRIGHT - EYED BESSIE. — A pearl necklace and eight fingers full of diamond rings.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

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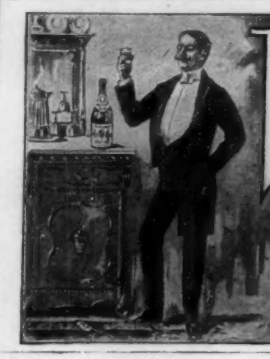

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CROSS ROADS STRATEGY.

UNCLE HIRAM.—The United States has been shut up in its own borders long enough. It 's jist broke out of its shell, and now it 's got ter make some ferrin alliances.

UNCLE SILAS.—Well, what 'd you be in favor of allyin' with?

UNCLE HIRAM.—In the fust place, I 'm fer an alliance with Rooshia till we lick England; then we can make our alliance with England and clean out any of the others.

After all the competition at the World's Fair. *Cook's Imperial Champagne* took the gold medal. It's extra dry.

Good constitutions framed for U. S. — for the world at large, with Abbott's — The Original Angostura Bitters, as foundation — then indigestion a stranger.

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FREIBERG & WORKUM
Cincinnati, Ohio.

HELEN.—Why does Harry carry Hortense's picture in his watch?

HARRIET.—Why, she told him she thought she might learn to love him in time.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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A Genuine Protection—

KNOX HATS.

LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE-MARK.

ROUGH RIDERS IN BOSTON.

PIZEN IKE.—Must be a blank of a place for sand storms!

RATTLESNAKE BILL.—Why?

PIZEN IKE.—All the squaws wear goggles.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

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(Trade-Mark.)

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AND WATCHES

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WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS, RICH JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

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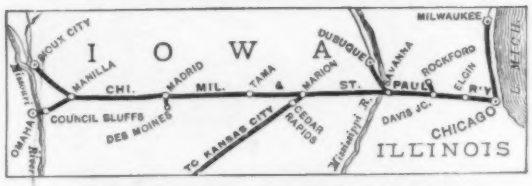

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HANDICAPPED.

"I aint seen Sam at de races sence he wuz married. He used ter be a purty spohty boy."
"Wal, sometimes it am easier to be a spohty boy dan to be a spohty married man."

THE OLD.

A pale girl, a frail girl, a lily-of-the-vale girl!
I used to pay her homage and we danced the
Winter through.
A slender, slight and thin girl, a dainty, peakéd-chin girl,
A maid of porcelain, belts a span, with eyes of timid blue,
She may have been a very angel, too.

THE NEW.

But a round girl, a browned girl, by wind-blown tresses
crowned-girl!
When we go a-nutting at your feet my heart is laid.
The brown nuts have your hue, dear, they copied after
you, dear,
Though they could not ape your roses, for the poor
things were afraid.
While around you they are falling, you
Know my heart is calling you,
Oh! new woman, true woman, my brown October Maid!

O'Neill Latham.

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